

WYMAN'S
Shopping ListSilk Hose Plus
Clocks at \$1.95

It will really pay to buy several pairs of these clocked silk hose while they are priced at \$1.95. They are pure thread silk except for heel, toe and top, which are lisle. The leg and ankle are fashioned to fit and a "ravel barrier" stops runs.

Here's the selection for your choosing—

White—with white clocks.
Navy—with white clocks.
Tan—with tan clocks.
Brown—with tan clocks.
Black—with black clocks.
Black—with black and white clocks.
Taupe—with black clocks.

Frills and Fur-
belows on the
Spring Gloves
of Silk (Kayser
of Course)

The thrill of seeing something new, and beautiful awaits you at the Glove counter. The new Kayser Silk Gloves will do it. Here are some of the new "arrives."

Kayser long silk gloves, in white, black, navy, beaver, pongee and grey at\$1.50

Sixteen button length in heavier silk, white, mastic and pongee\$2.00

A similar glove, same length, same colors, but of still heavier silk\$2.75

A long mousquetaire of white and mastic that is tucked from wrist to elbow. The back of the hand is embroidered. at\$3.00

This sixteen button length is topped with four clever ruffles (white only) \$3.50

Then comes the twelve button length, strap wrist embroidered gauntlet. The white is done in white and the pongee is embroidered in a combination of brown and pongee\$5.00

The ruffles and hand embroidery on this pongee glove will be a delight to lovers of good handiwork\$6.00

And remember the fancy Kayser silk gauntlets and the imported Trefousse gloves of kid (both short and long) which we wrote of the other day.

Will You Be
Irish?

If not forever—at least be Irish on the 17th of March. Green is the color to wear or for table decorations. Novelties at 10c and 25c. Crepe paper, 20c.

GEORGE WYMAN
& COMPANY

—COME AND SEE US—

The WRONG
FACE

By
ISABEL OSTRANDER

Continued From Our Last Issue.

The jar was half filled with a creamy white substance, and Barry carried it to one of the windows and deposited it upon the sill. Then, drawing the cover of the gas mask from his pocket, together with a small but powerful microscope, he fell to examining the finger marks upon it, comparing them to those which in the fading light were yet plainly visible in the grease upon the outer side of the jar.

This jar of French cold cream must have belonged to Fay. The finger prints upon it were identical with those upon the gas mask case. The mask had been worn by someone in the room of death on the previous night; the odor of carbon monoxide was proof of that, and the theory that now sprang to his mind was without a flaw. However, reluctantly he entertained it, he was compelled to admit that any other hypothesis would be impossible. The girl was not innocent but merely a superb actress after all!

She must have worn that mask and remained in the room while she accomplished her cousin's death. The slippers, the gas mask, the cold cream jar, the knowledge that the other girl had supplanted her with her former lover—all these, combined with the possible evidence of the little box, which still remained in his pocket, heaped up a sinister proof against Fay Tudor.

Barry paused midway of the back stairs and struck the rail softly with his clenched fist. What a fool he had been! What had been Fay Tudor's exact words when she mentioned her brother's effects?

"Did I tell you the other day that I went in the locked room where all his belongings, which you so kindly brought home to us, have been placed? I saw his helmet and his gas mask, but there were stains upon it."

Now, there had been no stains such as she implied upon the mask when he examined it a short time before, but on the case which he reposed in his pocket were several faint but unmistakable traces of dried blood. She could not have detected them in the dimness of the room unless she had taken the cover up in her hands, and the sight of the stains must have revolted her so that she replaced the case unopened.

Someone else must have entered that room during the night before; someone who was careful to leave no traces or finger marks. But who?

Continuing on his way downstairs Barry entered the kitchen, where he found the cook weeding over her preparations for dinner. He beat a hasty retreat to the pantry.

There he discovered pretty Louise, the waitress.

"Louise," he began, seating himself unceremoniously upon the edge of the table, "were there guests last night for dinner?"

"No, sir; just Mr. Clayton, and he's here so often that he seems like one of the family." The words came in a low, confidential murmur, and Mrs. Tudor had coffee together out on the porch afterward.

"Only he and Mrs. Tudor? Didn't the young ladies take coffee?"

"No, sir. Poor Miss Laurel never does, and Miss Fay came back so nervous that the doctor forbade her having any, for fear that she won't sleep nights. That's been her greatest trouble; insomnia, they call it."

Insomnia! Barry drew a deep breath, and for a moment his hand strayed toward the pocket where he reposed the little box of powders which he had taken from the bathroom upstairs.

"That's too bad! Doesn't the doctor give her something to make her sleep—medicine, I mean?"

"Only hot milk. Last night she drank it directly after dinner and Miss Laurel, poor thing, had some with her."

der. They worked like magic, but I discontinued their use more than two months ago because they made my head feel so congested after each dose."

"Did you bring any of them to this country—the powders, I mean?" Barry inquired.

"Yes, I believe I did. There had been a slight pause, but her reply came in the half-bewildered tone of one who had been searching her memory. "I had the prescription filled again the day before we left Paris."

"How many powders were contained in the prescription?" Barry ignored her query.

"Twelve." She bit her lips and then cried sharply: "The box was untouched when I arrived here. Don't tell me, Sergeant Barry, that it has been tampered with! I—I felt this morning—I mean it seemed to me that my head felt just as it used to do when I had taken a double dose of the stuff!"

Barry's hand went to his pocket and he drew forth the little box and gave it to her. She seized it eagerly.

"Yes, this is it, of course!" Then she opened it and a wave of astonishment and horror swept over her face. "Why, there are only six here; half of them are gone! If anyone had taken them all they would never have awakened!"

"What would be the effect of three?"

"I don't know; I have never taken more than two, but I fancy that three would produce a slumber more profound even than an anesthetic, and which would make one sleep until the effects had worn off, and then be very ill afterward. Sergeant Barry, is that what was the matter with me this morning? I told you how dizzy I was and how my head ached. Did someone drug me?"

I half suspected it when I learned that Laurel had been murdered there, practically beside me, and I had slept so soundly through it all."

"I don't know yet," Barry replied, adding in a significant tone: "Did your hot milk taste all right last night, Miss Tudor?"

"The hot milk?" she exclaimed. "I don't think that it did, now that you remind me of it. It seemed to me that there was a chalky quality in it and the touch of acidity that one sometimes notices in buttermilk—something like fermentation! But Laurel drank it with me! She took more than I. Could those powders have been mixed with it, and killed her?"

"No, it would only have produced a sleep a little more profound than your own," Barry replied. "You may have suffered slightly from your share of it this morning, but I think something else was the matter, too. The symptoms you described to me are identical with those induced by a slight inhalation of the gas which killed your cousin."

"Fay?" Mrs. Tudor's gentle voice sounded from the porch. "My dear, where are you?"

"Coming directly, Aunt Clara!" Fay turned to the detective in swift dismay. "Oh, you see that I must go!"

"Just one question more," Barry detained her with a gesture. "I thought that Captain Warren was a stranger to your aunt, as he is to the neighborhood. How does it happen that he dined here tonight?"

"He has offered his services to us, as has Mr. Clayton, to help us through this dreadful time, and my aunt gladly accepted. The sheriff wants them to go with him tonight on some wild-goose chase after the man who has been lurking about, and that is why they remained to dinner."

"I see. Please do not feel offended, Miss Tudor, at any question I may ask; I think you can help me more than anyone else to discover the truth."

Dead—Fifteen Minutes!



The doctor had pronounced Mrs. Abbie Hart, of Heckmonwike, York, England, dead. Her heart and breathing had stopped. Her jaw had dropped. Fifteen minutes later when the doctor was expecting someone to call for the death certificate he was told she still lived. And here she is with her husband.

UNCLE
WIGGILY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE
PLAY TRAIN.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

There sounded a little scratching noise on the front door of the hot-stump bungalow one morning, just as Uncle Wiggily was eating the last of his carrot pancakes with maple sugar sauce sprinkled around the edges.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes. What of it?" asked the bumpy, trying not to let his pink nose twinkle too fast.

"Why it must be the Woods Wolf or the Fuzzy Fox," said Nurse Jane. "They're trying to scratch their way in instead of ringing the bell. Oh, Wiggily!"

"Don't get nervous now!" laughed Mr. Longears. "It may be only the wind blowing a branch of the lilac bush against the door. I'll look from the side window before we telephone for the Police Dog."

Uncle Wiggily peered from the side window and then he laughed. "Wait a minute and I'll let you in!" he called.

"Who is it?" asked Nurse Jane. "Tommy Kat, the pussy boy," replied the bumpy. "I guess he couldn't reach up to the bell and that's why he scratched with his claws. I'll let you in, Tommy!" said the rabbit uncle.

In came Tommy with his tail up in the air like a fish pole. "Please, Uncle Wiggily, mewed Tommy, 'could you come over to our house with me right away?'"

"Is anything the matter?" asked Nurse Jane. "Don't you want Dr. Possum?"

"Oh, we've had him!" said Tommy quickly. "Mersey me! Who's sick?" the muskrat lady wanted to know.

"Well, Jole and Kittie have colds," explained Tommy. "And my mother thought I'd better stay home from school, too. So we're all three home and it's so lonesome—we haven't anything to do! I said I'd come over and get Uncle Wiggily to come and play with us. I can go out 'cause I haven't any cold yet. But maybe I'll get one so I won't have to go to school all next week," mewed Tommy, hopeful like.

"Mersey sakes! I hope not!" exclaimed Nurse Jane. "But, Wiggily, suppose you go over and amuse the children for a while. It will be just as good as if you hopped through the woods looking for an adventure. Go along with Tommy."

"I will," said the rabbit uncle, and he did.

"We're playing train," Tommy explained, as Uncle Wiggily hopped along beside him. "We take a lot of chairs and put them in a row. Then Jole and Kittie sit in the chairs, and I'm the conductor to take the tickets. Do you suppose you could find us a ticket puncher?"

"Oh, I guess maybe," laughed the bumpy. "I used to play train when I was a little boy rabbit, and I had an old ticket punch a trolley

car conductor dog gave me. I'll get it!"

Back to the bungalow hopped Uncle Wiggily, and soon he had found the old ticket punch he used when he was a boy.

"Oh, this'll be great!" laughed Tommy, as he saw it. "Now I can be a real conductor!"

Jole and Kittie Kat were not very ill, and when Uncle Wiggily and Tommy came in they all played train with the chairs placed in a row.

"And I can make real holes in the tickets now!" said Tommy, "for Uncle Wiggily let us take his real punch."

"Oh, let me be conductor!" mewed Kittie. "It's more fun with a real punch."

"I want to be conductor, too!" cried Jole.

"We'll take turns," said Tommy, and this they did. Uncle Wiggily sat in the make-believe chair-train with Jole and Kittie, holding out bits of pasteboard for tickets, which Tommy punched.

All of a sudden the door opened, and in bounced the bad old Bob Cat. He howled and looked at Uncle Wiggily's ears.

"I want some nibbles!" howled the Bob Cat.

"Where's your ticket?" asked Tommy sharply.

"Ticket? What ticket?" the Bob Cat wanted to know.

"You can't come in here, or ride on this train, without a ticket!" said Tommy firmly. "Here, hold out your paw!"

Before he knew what he was doing the Bob Cat held out his paw, and Tommy gave it a hard pinch in the ticket punch.

"Here! What's that for?" asked the bad chap with a howl.

"Tickets! Tickets! That's for tickets!" mewed Tommy. "If you have no ticket to punch I must punch you! Tickets! Tickets!" And he snapped the punch so close to the Bob Cat's ears that the bad animal gave another howl and out of the window he jumped, not stopping to take even a single nibble from Uncle Wiggily.

"It's a good thing we played train, isn't it?" said Kittie, when the fun started again.

Claim Grapefruit Will
Ripen in Cold Storage

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The grapefruit, appearing on the American breakfast table, may, in the future, be one coaxed to ripeness while reposing in a frigid temperature of some refrigerating plant.

Department of Agriculture experts announced today after completion of a series of experiments begun in 1917 that, contrary to the prevalent opinion, citrus fruit will ripen off the tree and, like peaches and apples, will develop a superior eating quality after a period of one to three months in cold storage. The fruit, however, must be suitably "cured" before being placed in cold storage, it was determined. This curing process involving keeping the fruit in a temperature of about

70 degrees for a period of two or three weeks. It is then transferred to a temperature of 32 degrees for a longer storage.

The government experts found, it was said, that while the sugar content of the fruit remained about the same, the acid content decreased markedly during the storage, and apparently the bitterness was broken down, thus enhancing the palatableness of the fruit. The process was also said to eliminate the tendency of the fruit to "pit" or form the sunken spots, which sometimes appear on the skin and impair the fruit's market value.

Suits for \$750,000

Follow Gas Explosion

MUSKOGEE, Okla., March 7.—With the filing of another suit in connection with the disastrous gas-

line explosion at Memphis, Jan. 24, 1921, when several persons were killed, damage claims for approximately \$750,000 are now on file in the United States district court here. The latest suit is brought by E. H. Sebrilla and his wife, of Memphis, in which \$250,000 is claimed.

The suit is directed against the St. Louis-San Francisco railway and the Oklahoma Natural Gas company. It is charged the Oklahoma Natural shipped to Colyer Reese at Memphis two cars of absorption gasoline. Vents on the dome of the cars were closed, it is charged in the petition, and this caused the gasoline to explode.

Sebrilla alleges he sustained permanent injuries in the explosion, that his business house was destroyed and that he also lost 20 dwellings in the fire that followed the explosion.

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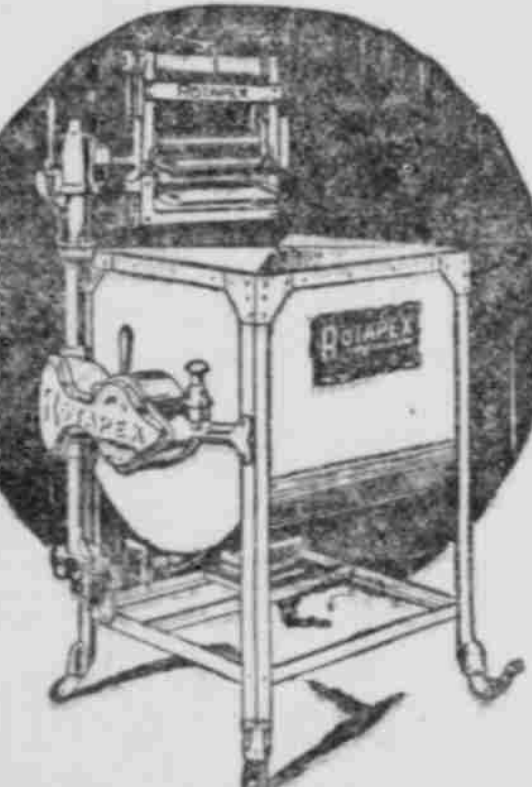
—and upwards.

The Frances Shop

The Frances Shop

BLACKHEADS GO QUICK
BY THIS SIMPLE METHOD

Blackheads—big ones or little ones—soft ones or hard ones—on any part of the body, go quick by a simple method that just dissolves them. To do this get about two ounces of cologne powder from your drugstore—sprinkle a little on a wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—and wash off. You'll wonder where the blackheads have gone. The cologne powder and the hot water have just dissolved them. Pinching and squeezing blackheads only opens the pores of the skin and leave them open and uncleanly—and unless the blackheads are big and soft they will not come out, while the simple application of cologne powder and water dissolves them right out, leaving the skin soft and the pores in their natural condition. You can get cologne powder at any drug store and if you are troubled with these unsightly blemishes you should certainly try this simple method. —Adv.

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